

THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

TWICE-A-WEEK . . . TUESDAY AND SATURDAY.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

ROCKLAND, MAINE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1911.

VOL. 66, NO. 103.

Thomaston National Bank

WE ARE STILL PUTTING OUT THOSE LITTLE

NICKEL SAFES

that have proved so popular. What more appropriate gift can you make your children or friend than to open an account for them on even so small an amount as one dollar and receive one of these beautiful safes FREE?

We pay the highest rate of interest consistent with safe banking. Interest begins the first of each month.

In our Checking Department we offer the best of facilities for all kinds of banking. We issue Traveler Checks, payable anywhere, at small cost.

Our Vault is Fire and Burglar Proof. Deposit Boxes for rent at \$3.00 per year and up.

Depository of the U. S. Postal Savings Bank.

Members of the State and The American Bankers Association.

YOUR BUSINESS IS SOLICITED

Call, write or telephone.

Thomaston National Bank

Rockland Savings Bank

E. H. LAWRY, President. E. D. SPEAR, Treasurer.
A. B. BLACKINGTON, Assistant Treasurer.

Deposits, November 14, 1911
\$2,222,305.33

Dividends paid in 10 years, including Nov., 1911, \$651,662.51

Dividends paid in 20 years, including Nov., 1911, \$1,046,711.56

Dividends paid since organization, \$1,527,253.04

Deposits draw interest from first day of each month.

The Courier-Gazette.

TWICE-A-WEEK

ALL THE HOME NEWS

BY THE ROCKLAND PUBLISHING CO.

Published every Tuesday and Saturday morning

from 420 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.

Subscription: \$2 per year in advance; \$2.50 if

paid at the end of the year; single copies three

cents. Advertising rates based upon circulation and

very reasonable. Communications upon topics of general in-

terest are solicited. Entered at the postoffice at Rockland for cir-

culation at second-class postal rates.

NEWSPAPER HISTORY

The Rockland Gazette was established in 1846.

In 1874 the Courier was established, and consoli-

dated with the Gazette in 1882. The Free Press

was established in 1880, and in 1881 changed its

name to the Tribune. These papers consolidated

March 17, 1897.

"Every occupation should aim to

make manhood rather than money."

The matter of Camden's proposed

new federal building is proceeding

very satisfactorily. S. G. Ritterbush

has contracted with the government

to survey the lot, preparatory to hav-

ing plans drawn for the building.

Vice President Sherman doesn't

want to be governor of New York.

High authority quotes him as saying

that unless his party desires him to

run again for the vice presidency, he

will retire from politics in 1913. In

the minds of some persons the vice

presidency and retirement are synony-

mous.

The \$500 limit upon postal savings

bank deposits will be removed in the

near future, according to statements

at the postoffice department. The

limit has already been reached by

many depositors. Postmaster Gen-

eral Hitchcock has received petitions

from several national banks in var-

ious parts of the country requesting

the trustees to increase the limit in-

definitely.

Requests for cannon on the wreck

of the Maine from a dozen Northwest-

ern Ohio towns were turned down by

officials at Washington, according to

notices received by those who sought

the cannon. The urgent deficiency bill,

passed by the Senate for the sale of

the Maine wreck and provides for its

burial at sea. Portions of the wreck

may be given to historical and

patriotic societies and municipalities,

and a memorial is to be erected in

Havana.

A solid Ohio delegation to support

Gov. Judson Harmon for the Presi-

dential nomination at the Demo-

cratic caucus recently, has a word

of an organization formed last

Thursday by Ohio state officers at a

meeting, called without the Govern-

or's knowledge, at his office. Gov.

Harmon expressed his appreciation

of the endorsement, but told the

officials that his candidacy

was in the hands of his friends

and he did not want sentiment man-

ufactured for him.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, whose book

of memoirs, "Serving the Republic,"

was published recently, has a word

of praise for the Turkish army, de-

claring that it is less known to the

world than the army of any other

power. Gen. Miles had a chance to

observe it during the war with Greece

in 1897, when he was sent to the

scene of hostilities by our govern-

ment. It then numbered seven hun-

dred thousand effective men. The

Mohammedan prohibition of liquor

results, says General Miles, in their

army's being "an absolutely temperate

organization. The personnel is made

up of strong men and their military

establishment is conducted with great

economy."

The results of the recent census of

June 10, 1911, have just been made

public by the Census Office in Rome.

At that date the population of Italy

was 34,686,653, of which 814,752

were absent from their habitual places

of abode and temporarily residing in

other communities in the Kingdom.

The law of May 8, 1910, regards the

"legal" population of the Kingdom as

consisting not only of those resident

in the country but also includes Italian

subjects temporarily residing abroad,

so that at the date mentioned this

"legal" population of Italy was esti-

mated at 35,959,077, including 1,-

272,424 Italian subjects temporarily

absent from the country and who

were supposed to return to Italy with-

in the calendar year. Comparing the

results of this latest census with that

of February 10, 1901, it is noted that

the population, without regard to

those subjects temporarily residing

abroad, has increased from 32,475,-

253 to 34,686,653, or 2,211,400, equal

to an increase in slightly over 10

years of 6.81 per cent.

This Week

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

A review from the columns of this paper of some of the events which interested Rockland and vicinity for three weeks ending Dec. 21, 1886.

Dec. 20 a crowd assembled at the new depot to witness the incoming of the first regular train. The locomotive "Thomaston" pulled the train, Engineer Charles Tabor was at the throttle, and Fireman Newell Shuman was ringing the bell. Supt. White and Conductor Hooper smiled from the platform of the first car, while Baggage Master Glidden and Brakeman Frank Hooper made up the balance of the crew. There were about 75 passengers on this historic trip.

Capt. George Jameson withdrew his vessel, the schooner Gen. Adelbert Ames from the National Association. Brock's window attracted the usual holiday attention. It represented a big brick house in which a family party and a ballroom scene were noticed, together with two sleighing parties and the other accompaniments of a winter scene—all of candy. A policeman who tapped on the window, attracting the attention of every passer-by was the feature of A. Ross Weeks' store.

A. F. Crosby made his last trip as American Express messenger on the Katahdin. He was booked for the company's Boston office.

Miss Maud Anderson was appointed messenger for special delivery letters at the postoffice.

Ex-Congressman Thompson H. Murch died at the insane hospital in Danvers, Mass. He was elected to Congress in 1878 by the Greenbackers, defeating Eugene Hale. He belonged to Masonic and Odd Fellow lodges in Rockland and Belfast. His water is a monument to his career in Congress.

A. W. Benner opened a barber shop in the office vacated by Charles E. Littlefield.

H. M. Lord was appointed agent of the Associated Press, succeeding W. O. Fuller Jr., resigned. Joseph E. Moore of Thomaston received his commission as collector of customs for the Waldoboro district. Hon. Edward Cushing of Camden was the new collector for the Belfast district.

The schooner Eliza Ann, Capt. Charles Jameson, was wrecked on Baker's Island.

The N. A. Bunker Hose Co., elected the following officers: Foreman, L. W. Benner; assistant foreman, P. D. Lynn; secretary, H. L. Churchill; treasurer, A. J. Larrabee; pipeman, R. L. Meservy; steward, F. E. Meservy.

Leslie Cross was caught between the humpers of two cars in Philadelphia and sustained several broken ribs and internal injuries.

Pipe and other materials were purchased for the Camden extension of the Camden & Rockland Water Co.'s system.

R. B. Miller moved into his new house on Masonic street. [The residence is now the property of C. H. Moor.]

C. H. Pillsbury bought and moved into the Boynton house on Franklin street.

O. E. Blackington's famous old trotter "Ozro" fell sick and had to be chloroformed.

Ex-Capt. Cornelius Magee went on duty as private watchman.

S. A. Keyes was elected high priest of Temple Chapter, R. A. M. C. A. Sylvester was elected eminent commander of Claremont Commandery, J. E. Rhodes was elected commander of Edwin Libby Post.

Schooner D. H. Ingraham, Mullin, was lost at Hereford Inlet, N. C., lime-laden from Rockland for Richmond, Va. The crew was saved.

John Lane was elected commander of Esanoy Post, G. A. R. of Appleton.

Walter Brown was engaged to assist E. C. Andrews in the management of the Clinton House at Thomaston.

H. Price Webber was entertaining Knox county audiences with some fine dramas.

M. H. St. John, proprietor of the Clark Island Granite Works, died suddenly of apoplexy, Nov. 26, at age 56.

Capt. Bartholomew J. Henry of Thomaston and four seamen of the steamer Knickerbocker were drowned while engaged in a heroic and voluntary effort to assist the schooner Mary J. Cranmer, which had been disabled in a gale 40 miles off the Delaware Capes. Capt. Henry was first officer of the steamship.

J. J. A. Hoffes was elected commander of Bornemann Post, G. A. R., at Washington.

John Calph of Appleton received back pension to the amount of \$1082.

P. Henry Tillson Post, G. A. R. of Thomaston elected A. C. Strout commander.

Hon. William Clark of Appleton sold his farm to Hon. S. J. Gushee, with the intention of moving to Bar Harbor.

John McLain of Appleton received a bad cut on the thigh from a boy



JUST TAKE A WHIFF

of the smoke from J. W. A. cigars. If you are a lover of good tobacco you'll know that the J. W. A. Regalia is as fragrant as the finest imported smokes. And the taste is just as good. Smoke one and tell us what you think of it. We don't think you'll be the first man to say it is not a splendid smoke.

Box of 12 for \$1.00

Box of 25 for \$2.00

At All Cigar Stores

The "J. W. A." Always Makes Good
ON SALE AT ALL DEALERS

ANNOUNCEMENT

I Wish To Announce that I Have Purchased the

ROCKLAND STEAM LAUNDRY

and have secured the services of the most expert help obtainable and that I am now prepared to call for your laundry and deliver it to you promptly.

It will be our earnest endeavor to give patrons excellent satisfaction. We have a system whereby we hope to eliminate the annoyance which arises when articles are "mixed."

Telephone

FRANZ M. SIMMONS, Proprietor

who was chopping wood with him.

The following births were recorded:

Rockland, Dec. 5, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kittredge, a son.

Thomaston, Dec. 4, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Robinson, a daughter.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., Nov. — Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn Fish, a daughter.

Fort Collins, Nov. — Mr. and Mrs. John H. Paveon, a son.

Rockland, Dec. 8, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Shady, a son.

Rockland, Dec. 5, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Duntun, a daughter.

Thomaston, Dec. 13, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Richards, a son.

Allston, Dec. 12, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Harrington, a daughter.

Washington, Dec. 6, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Robbins, a son.

Hope, Dec. 3, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Payson, a daughter.

Martinsville, St. George, Dec. 2, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Blake, a son.

Appleton, Nov. 15, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ames, a son.

Malhaven, Dec. 1, Mr. and Mrs. John Hopkins, a son.

Swan's Island, Nov. 23, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stinson, a son.

Swan's Island, Nov. 26, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kent, a son.

Rockland, Dec. 9, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blackington, a daughter.

Rockland, Dec. 21, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Whitmore, a daughter.

Rockland, Dec. 15, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McNeil, a daughter.

Warran, Dec. 14, Mr. and Mrs. Silas V. Weaver, a son.

Appleton, Nov. 17, Mr. and Mrs. Herick of Arroka, Minn., a son.

Atlantic, Dec. 6, Mr. and Mrs. W. Staples, a son.

Atlantic, Dec. 13, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stockbridge, a daughter.

North Haven, Dec. 10, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Calderwood, a daughter.

Seal Harbor, Dec. 12, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Maker, a son.

The following marriages were recorded:

Rockland, Dec. 6, James W. Nichols and Emma J. Knowles, both of Rockland.

Rockland, Dec. 7, Clifford R. Crockett of Worcester and Callie F. Higgins of Rockland.

Watertown, Mass., Nov. 27, Charles I. Albee and Laura A. Condon, both of Boston.

North Haven, Dec. 8, Fremont Beverage and Lottie Smith, both of North Haven.

Bluehill, Dec. 4, Willis B. Candage and Ada Correy, both of Deer Isle.

Deer Isle, Nov. 25, William A. Buckminster and Carrie F. Crockett, both of Deer Isle.

Millbridge, Nov. 22, George E. Allen of Tenant's Harbor and Mary E. Gosling of Millbridge, Scotland.

Rockland, Dec. 18, Augustus S. Rankin of Rockland and Etta E. Brewster of Rockville.

South Thomaston, Dec. 12, Thomas J. Yeaton and Alice A. Wiley, both of Bremen.

South Thomaston, Dec. 18, Francis A. Robinson and Lizzie A. Henderson, both of South Thomaston.

Warren, Dec. 15, Samuel H. Richmond and Sadie L. Mathews, both of Warren.

Washington, B. L. Burnheimer and Daisy S. Burnheimer, both of Waldoboro.

Camden, Dec. 11, William R. Lovitt and Clara C. Lovett, both of Camden.

Rockport, Dec. 11, Norman H. Scott of Amesbury, Mass., and Hattie A. Sawyer of Rockport.

Union, Dec. 12, Ethel S. Cummings and Maggie Wagner, both of Union.

Boston, Dec. 8, Charles Lawrence of Long Cove and Clara M. McKoberts of Dalbeattie, Scotland.

Camden, Dec. 8, William P. Wellman and Minnie Thomas, both of Camden.

Waldoboro, Dec. 7, George S. Smith of Lynn, Mass., and Laura A. Creamer of Waldoboro.

St. George, Dec. 4, Thomas E. Willey and Mabel Waldron, both of South Thomaston.

Deer Isle, Dec. 4, Byron D. Tracy and Annie A. Barbour, both of Deer Isle.

Webster, Mass., Nov. 3, Charles W.

Chats on Books.

Harper & Brothers announce that they are reprinting this week "The Expatriates" by Lilian Bell, and "A Golden Wedding" by Ruth McEnery Stuart. The same firm is also bringing over from the London Harpers' two volumes in Harper's Library of Living Thought: "The Life of the Universe" by Svante Arrhenius, and "Christianity and the New Idealism" by Rudolph Eucken.

A charming story is "Alys-all-Alone," by Una McDonald, a story that you will enjoy reading to your little girl, and that she will enjoy having read to her. The lonely little Alys wins her way into your heart and you are glad that the story's ending finds her in a happy home at last. There are a number of excellent illustrations by H. F. Lyon, but we could wish for a more attractive binding—the book deserves it. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Henry Van Dyke received this week a proposal to translate "The Story of the Old Wise Man" into Italian. The publication last month of his new book "The Mansion" has attracted foreign interest to the former, which is a household institution to most Americans. Permission has already been requested of the Harpers to translate "The Mansion" into several languages, while the London house of Harper has cabled its fourth order for the regular edition in English.

The first chapters of a new novel by William J. Locke, "Stella Maris," appear in the January Century, promising a tale of charmingly fantastic conception and treatment. Locke is not only a writer of many successful novels and plays, but he is also an officer and a member of several architectural societies abroad, and a member of the Institute of American Architects. His first published novel, "At the Gate of Samaria," dates back to 1895. "The Beloved Vagabond" perhaps his best known work to date, was published in 1906.

The writing of a dozen books of adventure gave to Robert Neilson Stephens a practiced hand. Death removed that hand from the pen ere it had completed "A Soldier of Valley Forge," but in the completion of the story by G. E. Theodore Roberts the manner of the older writer is well preserved and the book as a whole makes a brilliant and fascinating tale of adventure. Mr. Stephens was very successful in the art of blending history and romance. Readers who recall with pleasure "The Continental Dragon" will find in this latest story manners and customs and adventures of the period of which the earlier book treated, that stirring time of the Revolutionary war, admirably handled. L. C. Page &



to hold our own when it comes to tailoring for the fashionable set. They know what they want and are free to admit merit where merit is due. The consensus of well dressed men is, that our firm always turns out

PERFECT FITTING GARMENTS.

Select your cloth, get measured and we will have it ready for you in the shortest time possible.

C.H. Rose Tailor Expert

THE CLOTHES HOUSE OF QUALITY

399 MAIN ST. ROCKLAND ME. PHONE 13-21



Is it a
Matter of
Cost?

If you THINK it is, you are wrong from the start THE EXPENSE OF A TELEPHONE IS NOT FIGURED BY WHAT IT COSTS FOR A WHOLE YEAR, BUT HOW MUCH IT SAVES EACH TIME IT IS USED

Consider This:

HOW MANY NICKELS do you leave at the "Pay Station" during the year?

HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU LOSE making the trip to the Pay Station?

HOW MUCH MONEY do you spend in twelve months for car fare, in shopping or delivering messages, that you could send by telephone if you had one?

How much time and nerve force do you so lose?

A FEW CENTS A DAY pays for a telephone and saves all this. Ask our local manager to send an Agent to talk the matter over with you.

Knox Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Talk of the Town

Coming Neighborhood Events

Dec. 27—"The Family" at Empire Theatre.

Jan. 5—Prof. Gray's lecture on "Romeo and Juliet" at Methodist vestry.

Jan. 10—Chapman Concert at Empire Theatre.

Jan. 18—Prof. Gray's lecture on "Twelfth Night" at Methodist vestry.

Feb. 2—Prof. Gray's lecture on "King Lear" at Methodist vestry.

Feb. 12—Mid-winter picnic of Half-Hour Club, observing Dickens' centennial.

Feb. 15-17—Mammoth Food Fair and Merchants' week.

The Texas Oil Co.'s telephone number is 451.

Do those resolutions you made Jan. 1st, 1911, need renewing?

Here's hoping that Ule Sam used all The Courier-Gazette readers nicely.

The Rebekah Sewing Circle will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. Arthur Brewster, Limerock street.

The county jail had 13 inmates Christmas. Yet no doubt some of them felt lucky to have such good shelter and food.

Edwin Libby Post will not hold his fair this winter until March, in order not to conflict with numerous other events of the sort.

It looks as though Newbert would have to take his hat off to the so-called "amateurs," McRae, Dyer and Spear, the trio bagging 25 rabbits in two days out.

The Thorndike hotel dining room is in a state of chaos just now, but will soon emerge resplendent in a new steel ceiling. The best is none too good for this popular hostelry.

The municipal officers have a special session this afternoon for the purpose of granting a hearing on the Rockland, South Thomaston & St. George Railway's petition for a franchise on certain highways in this city.

A new division of the International Correspondence School, consisting of Bath and Rockland, was formed last week, with Bath as headquarters. Lewis H. Curtis will be manager of this division. L. M. Herrick will remain Rockland's representative.

A man who had recently been discharged from the state prison, fell overboard at Tillson wharf last Thursday and was rescued by two spectators. Marshal Hix learned that the ex-convict had folks up Bangor way, and thither he sent him Saturday night.

Christmas day falling on Monday and therefore following a Sunday, easily explains why a newspaper like The Courier-Gazette, issuing Tuesday forenoon, finds it impossible to greet its patrons with its usual full budget of news. This must be the apology for omissions that readers here and there will doubtless observe.

Judge Hurley presided over a hearing to determine upon the sanity of a convict at the state prison Saturday. The mental condition of the prisoner was found to be such that his removal to the Augusta institution was deemed necessary. The convict had only a few months more to serve on an eight-year sentence. He was represented at the hearing by R. I. Thompson.

Thomaston Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, has bought the property numbered 22 and 24 Spring street from J. Edwin Frohock and will have permanent headquarters there. The removal from the present quarters in Merrill Block will be made in season so that the meeting next Friday evening will be held in the new hall. During the winter a number of alterations and improvements will be made upon the building. The brethren of Thomaston Lodge are quite sure that their achievement in getting a home of their own after being in existence only six months.

T. E. McNamara has completed his contract which called for the preparation of foundations for the three Standard Oil tanks at the Southend. Although the work required, among other things, the blasting of 200 cubic yards of ledge it was accomplished in five weeks. The depth below the surface in some places was eight feet. The bases for the tanks are 45 feet in diameter and are concreted. This portion of the work being included in Mr. McNamara's contract. The Standard Oil Co.'s representatives are well pleased at the manner in which the job was handled.

Hon. Cyrus Tupper of Boothbay Harbor, who acted as Attorney General while Hon. W. H. Pattangall was serving out his term in Legislature, and who is now engaged in investigating the various state departments, arrived here last week to have a look at the Sea and Shore Fisheries Department. Commissioner Donohue was absent from the city, but all the books and records were promptly given over for Mr. Tupper's inspection by the clerk of the department, Hon. S. T. Kimball. "I have made it a policy not to discuss these investigations prior to filing my official report," said Mr. Tupper to The Courier-Gazette reporter Saturday, "but I do not hesitate to tell anybody that Commissioner Donohue has a splendid set of accounts and that the records of his department have been most admirably kept. Each warden is required to make a weekly report, although the law requires only a monthly statement. In that report the warden gives a concise account of what he did each day. Mr. Donohue's system throughout is admirable." Mr. Tupper is now investigating the state prison accounts with which he will be occupied a day or two longer.

NEW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

The New Optical Store of

C. A. Pendleton

Optometrist-Optician

399 Main Street

Opposite The Big Clock

If you need Glasses, don't delay in availing yourself of the careful, expert service offered you.

We grind our own lenses, thus saving you three days of waiting for your glasses.

REMNANTS

Saturday, Dec. 30

We shall place on sale a large lot of remnants of

Dress Goods and Silks

These will be on our center counter, main floor.

Sale to continue until

JANUARY 8th

9c DAY
JANUARY 9
1912

Fuller-Cobb Co.

The employees of Rockland Theatre presented Manager Rosenberg with a cut glass wine set as a Christmas gift.

Ex-Alderman Henry L. Higgins underwent a surgical operation in the McLean hospital, Waverley, Mass. last week. The latest reports were of a favorable nature.

All records broken in the story of the Rockland postoffice in its relation to Christmas. A year ago the office scored a high-water mark, but the past week has seen this mark reached and passed handsomely. A large extra force of carriers has been assisting the regulars and doing it so finely that there could be no ground of complaint on the part of patrons not receiving their mail; but even the best arranged plans were staggered by the great piles of mailbags that continued to pour into the office by the Saturday and Sunday trains. As if this were not enough the trains of Monday were fairly swamped in their contributions of sacks filled with Christmas gifts. The carrier force made a delivery Christmas morning, and the entire reinforced company had again to take to the road this Tuesday morning, the first time that an assistant force has had to be used after the holiday. Mail of this character is continuing to arrive, the great stream having got clogged by the excess of matter. The Christmas card this year reached proportions simply fabulous. They came in the Rockland office and were also sent by it literally by the thousands. The total number handled, cannot be known but it was something enormous. It is proper to add that the force of clerks and carriers worked with great faithfulness, sparing neither time nor strength, and the overwhelming quantity of mail was handled with surprising skill and quickness. The postoffice business, a close business barometer, indicates that it was a prosperous Christmas in Rockland.

The exercises at Galilee Temple Friday night were a fitting prelude to Christmas. The tree, laden with its gifts and decorations, together with the pretty recitations and songs by the children of the Sunday school delighted all hearts. One of the features of the evening was the musical contribution by Mrs. Strout and Dr. and Mrs. Luce of Thomaston, who enriched the program with three appropriate trios charmingly rendered.

N. B. Cobb discusses interestingly his recall motor trip to Savannah, Ga. whither he journeyed in his 30 h. p. Buick with Clarence Shaw as chauffeur. The trip represented a total of 3200 miles and was quite a marvelous undertaking at this season of the year, when the roads are about as poor as they will be at any period in the year. The tourists encountered the worst roads near Rocky Mount, Va., where the red clay is cut into great ruts by the constant passage of tobacco teams. Red clay and deep sand seem to be the principal characteristics of the Virginia highways. The Natural Bridge, however, is a feature which makes the trip well worth while at any season of the year. After leaving Philadelphia the tourists were compelled to pay many tolls, ranging from five cents to a quarter, as they crossed town lines. This is a method adopted by many Southern localities (in Virginia especially) to take care of the roads. In South Carolina and Georgia a great deal of the highway work is done by convicts, working in gangs of 10. Savannah impressed Mr. Cobb as a very fine city, and the great automobile races, which have already been described by the daily papers, were extremely interesting. The course was 17 miles around. There were no accidents, every precaution being taken to minimize danger. During the eight weeks that the trip occupied the car had but one blowout and one puncture. Four mules came to the car's assistance once when it got stuck in a ford.

The Globe Laundry—Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed. J. B. Richardson, Agent. Tel. 509-3. 99-102.

BORN

Moulaison—Rockland, Dec. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. John Moulaison, a son—Thomas W.

MARRIED

Pierson—Philbrook—Ash Point, Dec. 20, by Rev. D. B. Phelps, Frank Herbert Pierson and Mildred Philbrook, both of South Thomaston.

Hall—Small—Malden, Mass., Dec. 26, by Rev. Geo. M. Bailey, Rev. Hall of Glenview and Helen Marion Small of Camden.

DIED

Wentworth—Camden, Dec. 21, Sarah, wife of Geo. F. Wentworth, aged 79 years.

Hyler—Rockland, Dec. 23, Albert F. Hyler of Thomaston, aged 32 years, 9 months.

FOR SALE—Desirable farm, containing 110 acres valuable hay, tillage and fruit land, would timber enough to pay for farm. Situated in Seabrook. Pleasant location. Price \$1000. For sale by F. M. SIA W. 362 Main St. Residence 65 Summer St. Telephone 182-3.

Intimate friends of Gov. Plaisted in this city were recipients last week of handsomely engraved Christmas greetings.

Mrs. L. C. Yeomans, who comes with "The Family" at the New Empire Theatre tomorrow night, is said to have no superior as a character actress in this country.

The new home of George T. Wade on Camden street was beautified yesterday with roses and potted plants presented by employees who work under Mr. Wade's direction.

The officers of Penobscot View Grange will be installed Jan. 4 by Mrs. E. E. Light of Warren. The usual supper will be omitted until the dining room is finished and only cakes and coffee will be served. Mrs. Light will be the guest of W. W. Smith and wife.

A ripe buttercup, picked in Lindsey Grove last Friday, was added to The Courier-Gazette's list of belated floral offerings by Percy Hill. The Rockland people who went to Florida to escape a cold Christmas at home will learn through the medium of this item that Nature has played a practical joke upon them.

The special performance for poor children at the Empire Theatre Christmas morning proved a great hit with the kids, among whom the management distributed 250 bags of candy and 250 oranges. The young folks enjoyed the show immensely, sang popular songs and gave cheers for the management of the Empire.

A regular cloudburst falling upon frozen soil inundated many Rockland cellars Saturday morning and did a large amount of damage. In many instances there were three feet of water in the basement of Rockland residences and the furnace fire was a thing of the past. Portland called it a record December rainfall, and nobody down this way doubts it.

A green Christmas, and such a remarkable one, nobody living ever before saw in Rockland. The streets were filled with holiday throngs as on a Fourth of July, and many sighed because there were no outdoor sports. (Had they lived at Ash Point they would have seen an exciting ball game.) The theatres were crowded, and in the evening there was a very large attendance at the dances given by the Americus Hook & Ladder Co. and the Seniors of Rockland high school.

FREE VACCINATION

Free vaccination will be given to any school children who may call at the office of Dr. M. P. Judkins on Spruce street, for that purpose. By order of the Board of Health.

Dr. J. W. Wilde, Secretary.

Millinery

LEAVE ORDERS EARLY AND GET THE PICK OF THE CLOSING SEASON

FUR HATS

MADE FROM YOUR OLD FUR

—AT THE

Millinery Parlors

37 Limerock St.

Opposite Postoffice

Mrs. A.H. Jones

Dry Kindling Wood

—CHEAP—

Hardwood Birch Edging, 65c per ft. Fitted, 90c

These are just the same as spool edging. A trial will convince you we have the best and cheapest coal kindlings in the city.

Dry Soft Wood Stave Slabs, \$4.00 per cord

Dry 4 ft. Slabs, \$5.00 per cord

FREE DELIVERY

South End Wood Yard

C. F. PRESCOTT, Mgr.

Tel. 261-2

Shave Yourself

So know that a good job is done

Buy a

Safety Razor

We have them at all prices

C. H. Moor & Co.

DRUGGISTS

ROCKLAND, MAINE

ROCKLAND THEATRE

Al. V. Rosenberg Manager

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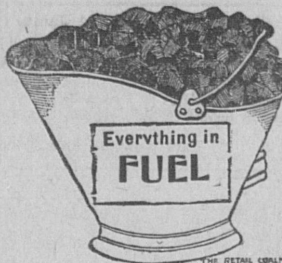


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THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER STAR

A Romance Of Drussenland

By Percy Brebner



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This romance of the lost kingdom of Drussenland is one of the most fascinating tales that has appeared since the days when Rider Haggard enthralled the public with "She" and "King Solomon's Mines." Read and you will follow a gallant hero of today into a realm where dwell strange people of the time of the crusades, a realm ruled by a beautiful princess, for whose love the Knight of the Silver Star battles with powerful enemies and participates in stirring adventures.

CHAPTER I.
THE sun dropped behind the snow capped mountains to the westward as at the summit of the road I came upon the village of Brayle.

I shifted my knapsack from my shoulder and, leaning upon my staff, stood contemplating one of the most glorious panoramas my eyes had ever rested upon. Behind me to the north, stretching away eastward and westward, the great mountain range lifted its frowning tops to heaven, and to the south and southwest, from whence I had come, the world fell down to verdant pasture and cultivated lands watered by streams, which grew slowly and joined together into a river far away toward the horizon.

As evening came rapidly over the lower lands and a chill wind struck the mountain road I entered the village and went toward a long, low building which seemed likely to afford a resting place for the night. Four men were sitting at a rough table smoking and drinking. They were in eager if not an angry conversation, but stopped as I entered and looked at me in surprise. One of them seemed delighted at my advent, for he cried out excitedly:

"The proof! The proof! Look! Here is one of them!"

Another man, whom I rightly took to be the proprietor of the establishment, growled savagely at him to be silent and then rose and saluted me. "You are a traveler, just an ordinary traveler?"

"Yes; oh, yes," I answered. There was something in his tone which had the effect of taking the conceit out of one. I have never considered myself quite an ordinary traveler.

"You see, Mustapha," he said in triumph. The man addressed looked at me fixedly, but did not speak. He had sprung excitedly from his seat at my entrance.

"I want to stay here tonight," I went on. "Tomorrow I may go farther, or the next day, or it may be next week. It all depends what I find to interest me. There is a fine waterfall near Brayle, I have heard."

"Is it only for this you have come?" asked Mustapha, with some contempt. "Yes," I answered, throwing down my knapsack and spreading out my hands to the blaze. "What else should I have come for?"

The disappointment in the man's face was quite comical, and his companions burst out laughing.

"Take no notice of what he says," laughed the landlord. "Mustapha is a dreamer. He sees armies along the mountain tops when others see only snow. He hears the ring of steel in every tinkling goat bell and the shout of war in the bark of every dog. A wonderful dreamer is Mustapha."

"I said nothing of armies," I said armed men," the dreamer returned sullenly.

"I am not armed," I observed. "Many of the men I have seen are not armed," he returned, "but they are no ordinary travelers. They all go the same way—yonder."

His attitude was unconsciously dramatic as he stretched out his arm, pointing toward the mountains to the north.

"Where is yonder?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than because I wanted to know.

"Only know the legend which everybody knows and which everybody laughs at, but I am wiser than everybody, because I don't laugh."

A roar of merriment greeted this assertion. I could not help joining in it.

"Let me eat first, and then we'll have the story. The story will wait, and my hunger is too ripe to keep."

Of necessity in this history I must talk of myself. I am the hero of it, and he's a poor hero indeed who isn't worth talking about. I was a wanderer by inclination, not of necessity, and, although not actually seeking adventure, I was not unwilling to enjoy some mild form of enterprise should such come my way, but I little thought of the strange experiences which lay before me. Few people even if they are interested will believe the story and will say of me, as was said of Mustapha, "He is a stupid dreamer."

To these I can honestly confess that I should sometimes doubt the history

myself had I not always before me one incontestable proof of the truth of it. For my personal appearance I stand over six feet, am broad shouldered and athletic, have fair hair and am clean shaven, and I believe there are less well favored men in the world than myself.

Brayle lies, if indeed there is still a village there, at the foot of one of the southern spurs of the great Caucasian range. It is an out of the way place which probably few tourists have discovered. It is enough to say that, while the slopes of the western range are clad in verdure, the central range, as it may be called, is arid, rocky and desolate. Of comparatively uniform height, the mountain tops rise majestically into the region of perpetual snow. There are, practically speaking, no passes, only here and there a goat track, dizzy enough to contemplate, of a mountaineer's zigzag path which leads nowhere in particular, and in the neighborhood of Brayle sheer rock-rises perpendicularly from the mountain road which runs through the village. So to my story.

Supper finished and a bribe pipe set going, I suggested another log on the fire, more wine—it was very thin wine and harmless—and Mustapha's tale. The man had drunk at my expense or I do not think he would have told the legend.

"It's little I know," he said. "Every one knows nearly as much, only they do not believe. Long ago, long before Brayle existed, somewhere near here there was a pass from this side of the mountains to a country beyond. There was constant intercourse between the people on this side of the mountains and that country, whose inhabitants though different, were friendly. The men were strong and warlike and the women more than beautiful, far superior to ours, it is said, and the wealth of the country was enormous. In the king's treasury were stored gold and silver and precious stones, greater wealth than man could name. It was a pleasant country, too, warm and sunny, for the great mountains shut it in and sheltered it. They were a strong people and therefore dwelt in safety, a contented people and therefore happy. A day came when the pass was no more. It was a year of fierce storms, such as had not been known until that time nor have been since. Mountains split asunder and changed their shapes, and when the storms were over the pass was gone. The mountain walls of it had split and fallen in, shutting off a fair land out of the world forever."

"The legend improves with every telling," said the landlord.

"And it's all a lie," said one of the other men contemptuously. "I've been lost a day and a night upon the mountains and know every inch of them that is to be known. It's all a tale. Mustapha is a stupid dreamer."

Mustapha watched me. My criticism was the only one he cared about. His companions' jeers he had heard often enough before.

"I thought it all a tale once," he said when I made no comment. "I know better now. There was until lately a wise woman in Brayle, and she told me that, though the pass was destroyed, there remained a secret entrance to this fair country through the mountains and that she had seen armed men going there. I did not believe it, and I laughed, but now I laugh no more. I have seen these strange men more than once."

"Where?" I asked.

"On the road you will take tomorrow if you travel to the east. I will show you the place."

"Very well; you shall show me tomorrow. We will start early, Mustapha," I said as I prepared to go to rest for the night.

"I shall wake at dawn," he answered.

"And you will return?" asked the landlord.

"We shall be back before sunset, ready for an excellent supper," I answered.

Before sunset! I little knew how many sunsets would sink into night before I saw Brayle again.

It was a brilliant but cold morning

when we entered the new country. On the way I chatted with Mustapha. Frequently I asked him about various places of which he had told me. I questioned him about the legend and of the strange men he had seen. He showed me the fall which he had previously described, where he had hid and where he had had adventures. We came to rough places, sharp turns and yawning declivities. Sometimes I had to crawl, and often I grew dizzy and sick. We reached what looked like a platform. Suddenly I heard Mustapha shriek. He tried to retrace his steps and failed. In trying to make my own footing secure I fell forward. I began sliding downward. To the left there was a straight, sharply defined black line and nothing beyond it, and there was the sound of rushing water. I succeeded in keeping myself from being drawn to the left, but I accelerated my speed. The way was hard and smooth, and I dashed down, going faster than the rolling mass before me. It was on a lower level than I was, and I got abreast of it as it came to the straight black line. Then—good God, it was horrible! As I passed it upon my straight course the ball gave a final bound and shot over the black line into space, no longer the ball, but a man, arms and legs wide-spread.

"Mustapha!" I cried, and my cry rang out and echoed away into the silence of the night, but there was no answer.

A moment later I plunged into loose snow and came to rest. Half stunned, I lay quite still for awhile, and then I picked myself up, wondering if there were any help for Mustapha.

The sudden red glare of a torch flared up and dazzled me. I saw the gleam of it flash pointedly to my breast along a steel blade, and then a stentorian voice rang out:

"In the king's name, halt!"

Halt! It never occurred to me to do anything else. I was dazed and hardly able to stand. The challenge had

been made, and I was conscious of a great many things, but I could not think of anything but the challenge.

The history of your strange coming among us should be interesting," he said.

CHAPTER II.
TOLD him the simple truth, which I must confess sounded very much like a magnificent lie. O'Ryan looked surprised, and his companions whispered among themselves when I had finished.

"I'll take my oath I didn't come that way," the captain said.

"Which way, then?" I asked.

"I'd like to know. We certainly started up a mountain path, but before we had gone for they blinded us, and then we went down, where I can't say, but it was somewhere near to roaring water."

"And how long have you been here?"

"I don't know. Time is not of much consequence in this country."

"What did you come for?"

"Money," was his laconic answer. "There must be a way out," I said.

"There ought to be since you found a way in. We'll talk of it tomorrow. Rest now, for we start early."

It was early morning when O'Ryan woke me.

"Come and look for your friend," he said.

I felt refreshed, but terribly stiff and bruised.

Sunlight was upon the mountain tops, the shadows of light, fleecy clouds crossing them swiftly. Before the cavern ran a broad, hard road, rough and snow-caked, descending somewhat sharply to the right, ascending gradually to the left, and directly opposite was the way I had come last night. I stood looking at it in amazement. A glacier stretched up to the mountain opposite, a portion of it ending at the road against which the winds had plied loose snow, luckily for me, but part of it had cracked and sunk, turning to run beside the road for a few yards and then ending abruptly in what last night had appeared to me as a black line. Here the glacier was broken off, its support a straight wall of rock going down sheer for at least 500 feet. At the base roared a torrent which burst from the rock and lashed itself into foam over its rocky bed.

"If your comrade wasn't dead before he went over that, he was dead before he got to the bottom of it," said O'Ryan.

I looked down at the water tumbling among the rocks and saw a little black mass lying there motionless, save for the motion the swirling water gave it. It was impossible to say what it was, but I think it must have been Mustapha, for two spots suddenly rose from it, growing larger as they mounted toward us with heavy flight. "Vultures!" said my companion.

Poor Mustapha! He had expected so much of tomorrow. God rest his soul! He had indeed found a new country.

It was still early when we started upon our journey. Two men were sent

"You'll see him in the morning if your eyesight is good. He won't move. Was he a friend?"

"Yes, a new acquaintance, but danger made us friends."

"Well, Mr.—" "Verrall," I said.

"Well, Mr. Verrall, he's just a corpse now and not a good specimen of a corpse either. You will understand why tomorrow."

We went through a narrow cutting in the solid rock, the torches casting weird and fantastic shadows about us, and presently came to a natural cavern, high pitched and of considerable size. A fire was burning in the center, the smoke, after thickening the atmosphere, finding its way out through a cleft in the roof, and an iron pot was on the fire, a strong, meaty smell coming from it, which, being hungry, I did not find unpleasant.

The ground of the cave was of loose soil, and my companions threw themselves down round the fire. O'Ryan motioned me to do the same. It was the most primitive meal I had ever assisted at, but I have rarely enjoyed one so much.

They were a wild looking crew, not excepting Captain O'Ryan. They were powerful men, big limbed, with shaggy dark hair and mustaches, not ill looking and rather picturesque than otherwise. They wore somewhat tight nether garments and a rough, easy fitting leather shirt reaching nearly to the knees, but cut up at the thighs to give perfect freedom to the legs. Over this they wore a coat of mail, a compromise between plate and chain armor, and long boots of stiff hide, into the heels of which was fixed a spike about half an inch long. A low steel helmet fitting close on to the head completed their attire. For arms each man carried a long serviceable looking sword, which hung from a broad belt fastened loosely round the waist. Except that his armor was brighter and that he had a short feather at the side of his helmet, Captain O'Ryan did not differ from his comrades.

During the meal I was considerably surprised to find that I could understand my companions' conversation. O'Ryan when speaking to me spoke in English, or, rather, Irish, with a brogue, especially when he got excited, which I shall make no attempt to reproduce in these pages. When talking to his men he spoke in their language, which was the most curious conglomeration I have ever heard. It was apparently made up of several tongues, with a general groundwork of Norman French, English, German, and Italian were represented, and, although there were words here and there which I could attach no meaning to, being a good linguist, I could understand most of what was said, and if at first I was not so easily understood I soon managed to talk pretty freely.

The meal ended, O'Ryan kicked the fire into a blaze.

"The history of your strange coming among us should be interesting," he said.

"I shall tell the truth," he continued. "There is no lie to equal it. I'm glad you're a big, healthy looking fellow. We don't take much notice of weaklings. As long as a man has a mighty arm the size of his brain doesn't matter."

The mountains on either side of us narrowed as we went on until we were presently passing through a defile that a few resolute men could have held against an army. I noticed that O'Ryan quickened his pace and became silent for a time.

The defile came to an end suddenly, and we came out on to a broad road which swept round the slopes of the lower hills. An exclamation of astonishment and admiration burst from my lips. Away from the road the hills, green clad and wooded, unfolded to level country, which stretched away for miles. Green pastures, arable land, clusters of rough stone dwellings here and there, a river glinting in the sunlight and woody hollows made as fair a landscape as one could wish to see. Cattle were feeding below us, and I saw some women moving about the dwellings at the foot of the hill.

"Your first real glimpse of Drussenland," said O'Ryan.

"Is that how you call the country?" "I didn't christen it, but that's the name of it."

"It is very beautiful," I said, "and doesn't look as if it were the seat of war."

"Things have been rather quiet lately, probably because there's a storm brewing. You see those women? Women do most of the work just now because all the men are under arms on one side or the other."

"And are unprotected women safe in such times?"

"Well, I won't go quite so far as to say that, but there is a rough sort of gallantry among us that compares fairly well with that of civilized nations when war is the order of the day."

"The legend says the women are beautiful."

"And by St. Patrick, the legend's right so far! If I ever get back to Ireland there'll be moments when I shall wish myself here again, though the finest pair of eyes in the old country were looking at me. The women are all right and, luckily for most of us, cling to the man who can hold his own against other men."

"Is there no marriage?"

"Oh, yes, we get married after the law of the country, but it's not very binding here, so I suppose most of us will pose as bachelors when we get away, if we ever do. There's no breach of promise and there's no divorce, and if two men quarrel they just go to a quiet spot and hunk away until each one until the affair is settled. The one who comes back takes possession of the lady or the money or whatever they have been fighting about."

"Primitive," I said. "I judge, captain, that you are comfortably settled?"

"Trust a son of the house of Michael O'Ryan of County Kerry for that. I've had to fight about her twice, and each time I've crawled home again. Possession is something—nine points of the law, as they say, but the tenth point is always in favor of the man who desires your property and hands on in front and told to keep a sharp lookout; the others fell to the rear, and O'Ryan and I rode alone."

"What am I to expect at the end of this journey?" I asked presently.

"Faith, that's more than I can tell. It's every man for himself here, and you'll find your life pretty much what you make it."

"That sounds promising."

"Oh, there's plenty of promise. It's some of the fulfillment I'm waiting for. It's all very well to live back in the middle ages and feel like the hero of a boys' story book, but it wants paying for."

"Then the legend is true, or partly true?" I said.

"I don't know anything about the legend or how these people came here. Anyway, here they are and engaged in as pretty a piece of war as poor old Ireland has ever suffered from. There are two factions in the country, the king's party and the rebels, who are headed by a relation of his—Princess Daria. Those who fight for the princess fight chiefly for love of her, which is all very well in its way, but not attractive to the adventurer who hopes some day to go home and enjoy himself. The king, on the other hand, pays his soldiers, and, not having enough men in the country to fight his cause, he has got in a few foreigners to help them. I'm one of the foreigners. We have all been brought in secretly, and not a man jack of us knows his way out."

"Does the king pay well?"

"I think he would if he could, but his lack of the necessary troubles me," O'Ryan answered.

"Then how does he manage?"

"Much as they do at home—makes promises and pays for the accommodations. That's not a new trick. It was an old fashioned one in the days of ancient Babylon. The king, as a matter of fact, expects to find a treasure. We were looking for signs of it when you came. I expect the treasure is where the legendary part of the story comes in."

"You found nothing of it?"

"Not a cent. Still, my undertaking the mission means promotion when I return."

"As with a prisoner too?"

"I would sooner have had a bit of the treasure to take back," he answered bluntly. "I don't deny that I shall try to make something for myself out of bringing you back."

"How will you explain my coming?" I asked.

It was well that I should know how to speak best for myself. To look after No. 1 seemed to be the creed of the country.

"I shall tell the truth," he continued. "There is no lie to equal it. I'm glad you're a big, healthy looking fellow. We don't take much notice of weaklings. As long as a man has a mighty arm the size of his brain doesn't matter."

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"Primitive," I said. "I judge, captain, that you are comfortably settled?"

"Trust a son of the house of Michael O'Ryan of County Kerry for that. I've had to fight about her twice, and each time I've crawled home again. Possession is something—nine points of the law, as they say, but the tenth point is always in favor of the man who desires your property and hands on in front and told to keep a sharp lookout; the others fell to the rear, and O'Ryan and I rode alone."

"What am I to expect at the end of this journey?" I asked presently.

"Faith, that's more than I can tell. It's every man for himself here, and you'll find your life pretty much what you make it."

"That sounds promising."

"Oh, there's plenty of promise. It's some of the fulfillment I'm waiting for. It's all very well to live back in the middle ages and feel like the hero of a boys' story book, but it wants paying for."

does a sword as well as or perhaps better than you do."

"Sword? Have you no firearms in this country?"

"There may be a stray revolver or two brought in by some of the foreigners, but they're not much use without ammunition, and that's not to be had in Drussenland."

At a turn of the road I saw again the snow clad peak which I had seen so often yesterday, looking far grander now than it did from the mountains. It rose almost abruptly from the low hills. I mentioned to my companion how I had been struck with it yesterday.

"It is called Khrym, which means the white knight, and it is supposed to rule the destinies of the Drussenlanders," he said.

"They worship it?"

"Not exactly, but it is a symbol of everything that is good and great. The



PRINCESS DARIA.

religion is as curious a jumble as the language. I wonder how far our advance guard is ahead? I thought we should have overtaken them by this time."

"Do you expect to be attacked?" I asked.

"No, but we don't want to be too far apart. We are in the rebels' part of the country."

He was evidently anxious, and we went on for a long time in silence. The road began to ascend again, and presently we got another and a wider view of the lower country. Far across the open plain I saw the dim outline of a city, at one side of which was a gigantic rock.

"Yonder is the capital," said O'Ryan. "And the rock?"

"The great stronghold of the city—indeed, of the country—the fortress of Yadsara."

It rose from the plain abruptly, its frowning top jagged as though lightning had played angry sport with it. It looked square in shape, but I could not judge its height from this distance.

"It is a mighty stronghold," said O'Ryan after a pause, "and I trust I may never find myself shut out from the wrong side of its walls."

"Why?"

"It has a bad name for those who displease the king. Those who are carried to its gates seldom return. It is the time of the middle ages here, Verrall, and they were barbarous times, you know. Death has a hundred ghastly realities in the fortress of Yadsara."

There was little swagger about this adventurer as he spoke. Fearless as he was about most things, the fortress had inspired him with awe. He shook up his horse, and we went on at a rapid trot, the men behind keeping close to us. Soon afterward we entered a wood. O'Ryan reined in his horse, and we proceeded slowly and silently.

"I wonder where those fellows are," he said.

We were approaching the outskirts of the wood, and he had hardly spoken when there was a sharp clatter of horses' hoofs coming rapidly toward us, and a moment later our advance guard appeared. A strong company of the enemy was before us, not by chance, but apparently awaiting our advent.

"Were you seen?" asked O'Ryan.

The men did not think so.

There were only seven of us, and I was unarmed. It would be madness to go on, and O'Ryan evidently thought so, for after a moment's thought he turned his horse from the road into the wood.

"We must get away if we can," he said. "There is a chance of reaching the open country this way. Look out for the holes," he added, turning to me.

"I am sorry we haven't a spare sword. You must take your chance."

(To Be Continued)

You will find that druggists everywhere speak well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. They know from long experience in the sale of it that in cases of coughs and colds it can always be depended upon, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale in Norcross Drug Store, Rockland; McDonald's Drug Store, Thomaston.

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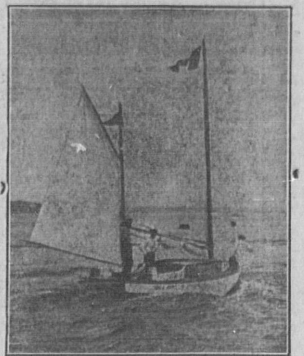
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CONVENTIONS IN MUSIC.

Rules Which Song Composers Seem to Feel They Must Follow.

Why is it that all our musicians in writing a nautical song invariably use a portion of the best known hornpipe as the introduction, "vamp," or counter-melody? Why do the open fifths in the bass always appear in rustic songs? Because it can't be helped. It seems. Our popular Irish songs always have a bar or two of a well known old Irish melody or a drone bass, otherwise they wouldn't be Irish. The exhausted old Turkey and his partner, the straw, come to the rescue of every "rube" song or dance that is perpetrated, and our national airs must run all through the accompaniment of patriotic songs to give them "favor."

Because all of these things are "set" they are conventions. Why must every song end on the tonic note, with the preceding tone either the second or seventh of the scale, unless we except the detestable third or the hollow fifth? Because our audiences expect it.

Should one of your composers in a moment of bravery or recklessness produce a score in which he disregarded these many conventions his first night hearers would go away remarking that the music was crazy. They do not realize that they expect to hear the same old thing, served up a trifle differently, of course, but still the same. From "Where Have I Heard That Tune Before?" in Metropolitan Magazine.

ONE-HALF BOTTLE OF THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY ACCOMPLISHES WONDERS

When I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, I was in great distress day and night. Before I received sample by mail, I went to our best doctor (and he is second to none in this vicinity) and told him how I felt. He put me up a bottle of medicine. I was about a week taking the medicine, but was no better than when I began. I then began your sample bottle, and before I got through with it, I felt a change. The scalding sensation did not bother me only a few times in the middle of the day. I would not have believed such a small quantity would have done so much, but before it was gone I learned that our druggist kept Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and so got a large bottle for one dollar but actually worth one hundred dollars. I only took one large tablespoonful three times a day and before I had taken one-half bottle I was all right and have been since. Gratefully yours,

GEORGE S. CHAMPLIN, Ashaway, R. I.

State of Rhode Island, County of Washington, ss.

Personally appeared Geo. S. Champlin, to me well known and made oath that the foregoing statement by him subscribed is true.

E. R. ALLEN, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove That Swamp-Root Will Do For You Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing be sure and mention The Rockland Courier-Gazette. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

WASN'T FRIGHTENED

Nimrod—Gee! I wonder wedder dat's a mookin' bold or a bear!

Catarrh Doctor

You Can Get the Best One in the World for \$1.00.

Go to C. H. Pendleton and W. H. Kittredge today. Say, "I want a HYOMEI outfit," take it home with you, open the box and pour a few drops of HYOMEI (pronounce it High-o-mey) into the little hard rubber inhaler.

Then breathe pleasant, soothing, healing, germ killing HYOMEI over the raw, inflamed, germ ridden membrane for a few minutes and relief is immediate.

Stuffed up head will vanish. Keep up the treatment four or five times a day for a few days and hawking, spitting and forming of mucus in the nose and throat will cease.

HYOMEI is guaranteed to end catarrh, coughs, colds, croup, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or money back. Complete outfit \$1.00, subsequent bottles if needed 50 cents at C. H. Pendleton's and W. H. Kittredge's and druggists everywhere.

Bellevue.

The peculiar music in the tones of a bell is due to its striking not a single note, but a chord, and to obtain the perfect octave entails an immense amount of calculation as well as skill. The bell caster, therefore, has to be not a mere mechanic, but a highly trained specialist.

Regular Turn.

"What? You're engaged to Mr. Brown? Then you won't marry Mr. Jones, after all?"

"No, not after all, but perhaps after Mr. Brown."—Milwaukee News.

When you have a bilious attack give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by Norcross Drug Store, Rockland; McDonald's Drug Store, Thomaston.

Why cough? Stop it!

Stop coughing! Coughing rasps and tears. Stop it! Coughing prepares the throat and lungs for more trouble. Stop it! There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. Stop it! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a medicine for coughs and colds, a regular doctor's medicine. Sold for seventy years. Use it! Ask your doctor if this is not good advice.

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE OLD, OLD STORY



Parkrow—Hello, Jack, returned from the country, eh? Back long? Harduppe—No, confoundedly short!

MANY FAILURES

But Parisian Sage Overcame Miss Kruger's Hair Troubles

PARISIAN SAGE is not guaranteed to grow hair on bald heads but it is guaranteed by the well known druggist W. H. Kittredge to stop falling hair, eradicate dandruff and stop itching scalp, or money back. Sold in every town in America by leading druggists for 50 cents a bottle. Read Miss Kruger's letter.

"PARISIAN SAGE is the best hair grower and beautifier and dandruff cure I ever used. I lost all my hair through typhoid fever; I was almost baldheaded and my scalp was as sore as could be. I tried everything, but in vain. Finally I tried PARISIAN SAGE, and after using one bottle my hair started to grow, and has grown three or four inches inside of two months. I advise every woman who wants beautiful hair to use PARISIAN SAGE." Miss Meta M. Kruger, Browtown, Minn.

If you are troubled with chronic constipation, the mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your case. For sale by Norcross Drug Store, Rockland; McDonald's Drug Store, Thomaston.

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Physicians recommend it because the acrid bitter flavor of common coffee is eliminated from the Tudor brand by mellowing it with age before roasting.

GUARANTEE

Your money will be refunded without the return of the coffee if it is not a little better than the kind you have been using. You will be the judge.

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STATE OF MAINE

KNOX 88.

At a Probate Court held at Rockland in and for said County of Knox, in vacation, on the 22nd day of December, A. D. 1911.

A certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Lorenzo J. Jones, late of Washington in said County, having been presented for probate.

Ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published, three weeks successively in the Courier-Gazette, a newspaper published at Rockland in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rockland, in said county, on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the petition should not be granted.

EDWARD C. PAYSON, Judge of Probate.

This copy—Attest:

101-1-3 CLARENCE L. PAYSON, Register.

NOTICE

The Committee on Accounts and Claims hereby give notice that it will be in session at the office of the City Clerk on Spring Street, on Friday evenings at 7 o'clock, immediately preceding the regular meetings of the City Council for the purpose of auditing claims against the city. No bills will be approved that are not fully itemized.

The Committee request that all bills be made out on the regular billheads of the city to facilitate their work. All bills to be rendered monthly.

Billheads can be obtained at the office of the City Clerk.

G. S. BEVERAGE,
WM. J. SULLIVAN,
ELMER C. ST. CLAIR.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

THOMASTON

Mrs. S. G. MacAlman has returned from New York, where she was called by the death of her sister, Mrs. Hemmingsway.

Mrs. Carrie Thomas of Boston spent Christmas at her old home on Gleason street.

Miss Ethel Stickney of Portland came home to spend Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Knox street.

Charles Payson of Boston was the guest Saturday and Sunday of Osborn T. Sumner, Main street.

Miss Cassie Donahue is at home from California, where she is teaching, for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. J. E. Carrier, who has been spending a number of weeks at the Knox House, left Friday for Boston.

Albert F. P. Hyler, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hyler, Wadsworth street, died early Sunday morning at the Hanson hospital, where he was taken a few days before for medical treatment. Mr. Hyler was one of Thomaston's promising young men and his loss is deeply regretted. He leaves a wife and two children, besides his father, mother and one sister.

Funeral services will be held at the residence of his parents on Wadsworth street, Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Abbie Mitchell of Boston is spending Christmas week at her home on Beechwoods street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Miller left Saturday for Cambridge, where they will spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McCurdy.

Four generations were represented at a dinner at Mrs. W. D. Hollowell's, Main street, last week Tuesday, when out of town members of the family met there unexpectedly. They were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gonia of Thomaston, Mrs. Lewis Hills of North Warren, Mrs. Frank Payson of Wadsworth and her son Kenneth, aged two years.

Miss Fannie Hahn, who is teaching near Providence, R. I., is home for the holidays.

Miss Jennie Shadrer is in Camden, the guest of friends for a few days.

Charles Reverend of Boston is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beverage this week.

Eugene Wilson came home from Portland to spend Christmas.

Byron and Simon Hahn of Boston are spending the Christmas holidays at their home on Main street.

Miss Myrtle Strong of Bath, who has been visiting Mrs. James Fales, left Saturday noon for Bath.

Mrs. Maria Stevens and Mrs. Annie Bradford of Union and Miss Carrie Bradford of Augusta were guests of Miss Alice Young Christmas day.

Frank Jacobs of Troy, N. Y., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Sarah Jacobs, Main street.

Rosa Wilson of Boston is spending the vacation at her home on Main street.

Miss Anna Seavey of Port Clyde was a guest of Mrs. James Fales, Main street, recently.

A picnic supper was held at the home of Mrs. J. E. Creighton Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Edwin Smith, who leaves this week for Boston for the winter. Plans for the supper were kept secret from the guest of honor, and when, at half past six, she was ushered into the dining room by the hostess and found nineteen of her friends seated at a beautifully appointed table her surprise may well be imagined. In the center of the table was a decorated Christmas tree and at each plate, attached to the place cards were small stockings filled with candy and favors.

Two large, well filled stockings, gifts from those present, hung behind the guest of honor's chair, and the verses accompanying each gift afforded much merriment, revealing several hitherto potshots of a high order. In the evening bridge was played, the prize being won by Miss Caroline Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pope of Alameda, Calif., arrived in town Friday evening and are guests of Mrs. Nettie Levensaler, Knox street.

Mrs. Amelia Robinson and Mrs. Ralph Ayers are spending a few weeks with relatives in Keene, N. H., and Brookfield, Mass.

Regular meeting of Grace Chapter, O. E. S., will be held Wednesday evening, December 27th.

Miss Anna ends all stomach misery including indigestion, flatulency, heartburn, etc. The best prescription for stomach trouble on earth. G. I. Robinson Drug Co., Thomaston and Wadsworth Drug Co., Wadsworth, guarantee it. 50 cents.

ST. GEORGE

Miss Anna Wilson is visiting friends in Rockland.

Thomas Kinney is home from North Grafton, Mass., for a few weeks.

Warren Kinney aged 12 has attended the high school at Tenants Harbor during the term just closed, walked the distance 4 1/2 miles morning and night, except for the chance rides he might get, and only been absent 1/2 day.

Winslow Robinson, Master of St. George's Church, attended the State Grange last week.

Miss Emily Dowd Watts of South Thomaston is visiting her grandparents here.

The third and fourth degrees were conferred on two candidates at the Grange last Friday night. Harvest supper was served.

Miss Gertrude Brown is home from Morristown, New Jersey for the Christmas vacation.

Burr Jones is home from Harvard College for the Christmas vacation.

The Senior Bible class members spent last Tuesday evening with Mrs. J. F. Jones. The business of the class was transacted, dainty refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening was passed.

Alfred Hocking has returned from a two weeks' visit in Somerville.

Mrs. E. H. Riley of Somerville is at her old home for the holidays.

Miss Helen Robinson returned Saturday from a week's visit in Boston and vicinity.

The stonemasons are home from Rockland for a time waiting for stone from the quarry. Many of them are spending their vacation cutting wood.

For the first time in a number of years there was no Christmas tree at the church, but a mission concert was held Sunday evening.

MILDDY AND PIMPLY COMPLEXIONS

Quickly Respond to A Few Applications of Hokara which Leaves The Skin in a Soft, White and Velvety Condition.

Hokara contains no grease or acids, is antiseptic and cleansing, therefore it is a truly scientific massage cream and skin food.

Thousands of ladies are only too glad to utilize something that would assist nature in restoring their face and hands to the flush of youth, and to these Hokara will prove a god-send, as it is guaranteed to clear the complexion of all blemishes such as pimples, blackheads, freckles, wrinkles, etc.

Sold by C. H. Pendleton under a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. A liberal jar for 25c; larger size 50c and \$1.00.

They cool and cleanse the blood and regulate the bowels in a natural manner.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE

COUGH SYRUP

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cure's Golden Prevents Pneumonia

With the Coming of Middle Age There is a letting down in the physical forces often shown in annoying ailments and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are a splendid regulating and strengthening medicine at such a time. Try them.

All dealers of Rockland.

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FARMERS! FARMERS! FARMERS!

Do you want to FARM? We pay cash for Squash, Cranberry Beans, Peas, Tomatoes, Blueberries and Spinach.

THORNDIKE & HIX, Inc.

TWO MEN LOST

Thomaston Schooner Had a Hoodoo Experience on Voyage to Baltimore.

The second mate and one of the crew of the Thomaston schooner Margaret Thomas which arrived at Baltimore Friday met death off the coast of South America, while that ship was bound to Baltimore. Those reported lost were Second Mate Joseph Kenny, 50 years of age, of Boston, and Walter Brown, 36 years old, of New York.

The Thomas left Rosario, Brazil, Sept. 18. When 10 days out of port, she encountered a series of heavy gales. One night as Brown was on his way to his bunk after finishing his watch, the main boom swung over, struck him and hurled him over the rail into the ocean. Boats were lowered, but the men could find no trace of the missing seaman. Soon afterward Kenny was lost. One of the seamen reported that the ropes of the main topsail were broken and Mate Kenny went aloft to repair them. That was the last seen of him.

WARREN

Maynard Hastings is at home from Bowdoin for the holiday recess.

Copeland's orchestra furnished music for another one of those popular dances at Glover hall, Saturday evening.

The woolen mill suspends work this week for Christmas.

Mrs. Abbie Stickney entertained her family at Christmas time.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Starrett are passing the holidays here with relatives.

Mrs. Elizabeth Webb returned home from Massachusetts the day of the week where she visited relatives.

Mrs. Grace Robbins of Boston is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, Main street.

Christmas services appropriate to the day were held at both churches last Sunday with inspiring music fitted to the occasion. A service of story and song was given at the Congregational church in the evening, subject, "His Birthday."

Morris Ginn of Prospect is a guest at George Stevens'. John Stevens was at home from Friendship for Christmas.

Miss Marie Hayes is at home from Simmons college for the holidays.

Miss Ruby Brigham and Mildred Watts returned this week after passing the holidays at home, to Farmington, where they are students at the New York school.

Miss Frances Spear is at home from Portland for the holiday recess where she is engaged in teaching.

Miss Olive Eaton went to Massachusetts Friday where she will visit relatives.

Miss Ruth Bachelard came home from Norwood, Mass., for the holidays, where she is engaged in teaching, and is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bachelard, at Cornhill.

J. C. Steadman went to Bridgton Sunday to spend Christmas with relatives.

Albert Whitmore of Appleton, Wis., is being entertained at Capt. J. Y. Whitmore's during the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Starrett went to Bangor last Friday where they will spend the holidays with their son, Dr. J. F. Starrett.

Joseph Locke of Washington, D. C., arrived in town last week to pass the holidays at the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary Locke, Main street.

If some person would start a rummage sale of undesirable Christmas gifts to take place the day after Christmas, it would probably be assisted by the public.

Miss Mildred Watts and Miss Ruby Brigham return the first of the week to Farmington Normal school where they are students.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. McDonald entertained Monday at their home the annual Christmas reunion of the members of the family of A. M. Watts of Camden as follows: Mrs. Mary E. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Stahl, Mrs. Hattie Allen, Miss Lucy M. Allen, Alden W. Allen and Lucy Allen. A bountiful Christmas dinner was served to the guests which all highly enjoyed, and were sorry that their capabilities would not permit them to further indulge their appetites. The occasion was one which will linger long in their memory for its enjoyable features.

WALDOBORO

John Coffin is loading cars at Fogler's crossing for F. W. Scott.

Flora Fish is visiting her brother Judson Fish for a few days, in Camden.

Justin Hanna of Boothbay was a guest of his sister, Mrs. Bessie Hoffes, recently.

C. A. Fogler was at Gardner Kaler's Monday.

Mary Day called on Mrs. Orrin Achorn Monday in Waldoboro.

Ed. Carroll and Stacy Chapman were at C. A. Fogler's Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Burrows of South Waldoboro were at C. A. Fogler's Wednesday on their way to Rockland.

With the Coming of Middle Age There is a letting down in the physical forces often shown in annoying ailments and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are a splendid regulating and strengthening medicine at such a time. Try them.

All dealers of Rockland.

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A Long Cove Tragedy

Richard Ingram, Paving-Cutter, Killed By John H. Fellows, Cook—No Witnesses of Terrible Duel in Which Stove Poker and Carving Knife Figured.

Richard Ingram's persistent demand for liquor, after a long period of "keeping straight," led to a horrible tragedy at Long Cove, St. George, late Saturday night.

Ingram, who was a Scotchman, about 50 years of age, had been employed the past two months as paving cutter for the Booth Bros. & Hurricane Isle Granite Co. He had worked at that trade in various parts of New England, coming to Long Cove from Waldoboro.

Friday morning he drew a portion of his pay and proceeded to celebrate Christmas in a manner that was destined to have an awful termination.

Saturday evening his stock of liquor gave out and he was at the boarding house impatiently awaiting the arrival of new consignment, which was to be brought by a man who had long plied his nefarious trade among the workmen in the little granite settlement.

Vexed at the delay and suffering thirst, Ingram went to the highway to see if the liquor peddler had arrived. Meantime the messenger arrived at the boarding house by a different route, turned two bottles of liquor over to the care of John H. Fellows, the cook, and from the latter received his pay, \$3.

When Ingram returned to the boarding house Fellows told him of the transaction, gave him one bottle of the liquor, and hid the other beneath the head of his bed in a small room opening directly off the kitchen.

Soon after the cook retired for the night and had just dozed off into a slumber when Ingram appeared at the bedside and demanded more whiskey. Fellows told him he had none already, and the reply so angered the paving cutter that he smashed the lamp chimney and began to tear the clothing off the cook's bed.

Fellows retreated to the kitchen, but had hardly passed through the door when Ingram seized a carving knife from the table, brandished it over the cook's head, and threatened with oaths, to cut his brains out unless he gave up the liquor.

The cook sent a vigorous right to Ingram's jaw, and the paving cutter fell heavily. In this position, and with the cook astride of him, it was an easy matter for the latter to get possession of the knife, and to bring the paving cutter a promise to behave himself.

Ingram was no sooner on his feet than he seized a poker which he used in connection with the kitchen range—a formidable instrument nearly 2 1/2 feet long and made of iron. He drove the poker into a corner, and the latter saw that it meant his own life or the other man's.

Watching his opportunity, he got possession of a carving knife and aimed a sweeping sidewise stroke at his liquor-inflamed opponent. The point of the knife struck near Ingram's mouth, and with a horrible

ripping motion cut downward into his throat, severing an artery.

The paving cutter fell to one side with blood pouring from his gaping wound. Fellows saw that the situation was a very serious one, and ran out of doors for assistance. Nobody was at home in the nearby houses, practically the entire population of the little village being assembled in the hall, where Christmas tree festivities were in progress. Finally, however, he met Fred Smith and Charles Smith, who hastened back to the kitchen where they saw Ingram lying in a pool of blood, motionless.

The cook felt of the man's left pulse, and saw that the encounter had been fatal.

The description of the tragedy as above set forth was obtained from Fellows by The Courier-Gazette reporter, Sunday afternoon during the long ride to Rockland where the cook was brought by Sheriff Tolman and placed in the jail.

No amount of cross questioning could shake his story. "I never intended to kill him," said the cook. "He was a larger man than I am, was armed with a dangerous weapon, and I acted in self-defense, intending only to slash the arm in which he held the poker." He said he had known Ingram only since last Friday and said that they had been on the most friendly terms at the boarding house.

Apparently there is nobody to contradict his story, for the tragedy had no witnesses and the prosecution itself dependent upon conditions as they existed in the boarding house when the officers arrived.

John S. Smalley, a former deputy sheriff, took Fellows into custody soon after being notified of the tragedy, and it was at his home, a small house that the cook remained until being turned over to Sheriff Tolman's care Sunday afternoon.

Coroner Otis left for the scene of the tragedy at 11 o'clock Saturday night, and found the three-hour ride over the road, the most strenuous job he has ever encountered in his present official capacity. He remained at Long Cove all day Sunday aiding County Attorney Howard in the gathering of evidence, and did not leave there until Medical Examiner Gould had completed his examination late Sunday afternoon. Dr. Gould was assisted by Dr. Victor P. Thompson. The body was then placed in the care of Undertaker Davis of Tenants Harbor.

Ingram was known among granite workers as a champion hammer thrower. He is said to have a wife and six children in Scotland.

Fellows, who is 60 years of age, was a resident of Gloucester, Mass., until about 22 years ago, since which he has been engaged in coastwise trade, either as steward or seaman. He was serving as steward on the schooner William Jones until the latter went into winter quarters, Nov. 20 he took the cook's berth at Long Cove.

ROCKPORT

Frank Campbell was home from Boston to spend Christmas with his family.

Mrs. Harry Miller, who has been a guest at Capt. J. A. Ambsbury's, returned Friday to her home in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Reynolds left Saturday to visit his family in Bath.

Eugene Goodwin, a student at the University of Maine, is spending the holidays in town.

Arthur Walker and family were guests Sunday at Isaac Orbeton's in West Rockport.

W. F. Anderson of Roxbury, Mass. and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Stahl of Warren were Christmas guests at George F. Dunbar's.

Miss Carrie Filler visited friends in Glen Cove and Rockville Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Talbot and Mrs. William and Dr. and Mrs. S. Y. Weidman and daughter Marian were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Cole.

Theodore LaFoloy of Boston spent Christmas in town the guest of his mother, Mrs. Genie LaFoloy.

The masquerade ball held at the G. A. R. hall last Thursday evening under the auspices of the Fred A. Norwood Relief Corps was well attended and a considerable sum netted.

Miss Emma Frost of Thomaston was the recent guest of Mrs. Julia A. Collins, Ambsbury Hill.

George Huntley has moved from the Wentworth house Commercial street to the house which he has recently purchased of S. E. & H. L. Shepherd Co., Main street.

Walker Philbrook is at home from Orono to spend the holidays.

Miss Bertha Payson, who has been teaching in Ashland, N. H., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Payson at Beachamp Point.

Lester Shibles is at home from Waterville for the holidays.

Miss Mabel Wall, a student at Colby College is spending the Christmas recess with her mother, Mrs. S. H. Wall.

Capt. A. M. Colby spent Christmas with his family in North Edgcomb.

NEVER AGREED WITH HIM.

Miss Arah Allen of Boston arrived last week to spend the week-end with her parents.

Alphonsus Prince is home for the Christmas season.

Leslie Arey is home from Colby for the week-end.

Miss Josephine Paul is home from Norcross for the week.

Your Neighbor's Experience

How you may profit by it. Take Foley Kidney Pills. E. Gibbs, Waterville, Me., says: "Last summer I was afflicted with kidney trouble and I had a severe pain across my back. I read an advertisement of Foley Kidney Pills and took some of them. After a few days there was a great change for the better in my case. The pain left my back and the action of my kidneys is regular and normal and after taking two bottles of Foley Kidney Pills I am again a well and healthy man and I can well praise Foley Kidney Pills."

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CLEANED OUT THE PLACE.

Alfonso's First Encounter With a Small Railway Lunch Room.

Xavier Paoli in McClure's tells of King Alfonso's first encounter with the lunch room of a small railway station. Alfonso had been out motoring and was ravenously hungry.

"Give us some lunch, please," said the king to the lady at the bar.

The refreshment room unfortunately was very meagerly supplied. When the two traveling companions had eaten up the sorry fare represented by a few eggs and sandwiches, which had probably been waiting for more than a month for a traveler to arrive, the king, whose appetite was far from being satisfied, called the barmaid, a fat and matronly Bernaise with an upper lip adorned with a pair of thick mustaches.

"Have you nothing else to give us?" he asked.

"I have a pate de foie gras, but—it's very expensive," said the decent creature, who did not see a serious customer in this famished and dusty young man.

"Never mind; let's have it," said the king.

The woman brought her pate, which was none too fresh. But how great was her amazement when she saw the two travelers devour not only the liver, but the fat as well! The pot was emptied and scraped clean in the twinkling of an eye.

Pleased with her successful morning's trade and encouraged by the king's ebullient good humor, the barmaid sat down at the royal table and began to tell the king her family affairs, questioning him with maternal solicitude. When at last the hour of departure struck they shook hands with each other warmly.

Some time afterward the king was passing through Dax by rail, and as the train steamed into the station he said to me:

"I have an acquaintance at Dax. I'll show her to you. She is charming."

The plump Bernaise was there, more mustachioed than ever. I will not attempt to describe her comical wideness at recognizing her former customer in the person of the king.

A Great Railroad Project.

The greatest railroad project now on foot in this part of the world is that of a line to Hudson bay as a cheaper outlet for the wheat region of western Canada. The line will be about 500 miles long and largely through an unbroken wilderness. The surveys are now made, and it is definitely announced that the road will be built by the Canadian government. It will not be available through the whole year on account of conditions in Hudson bay. Although this great body of water is commonly regarded as a polar sea, no portion of it reaches the polar circle, and neither the bay nor the strait ever freezes completely over. Nevertheless the great ice floes, the fog, the storms, the intense cold and the magnetic conditions make navigation exceedingly difficult and dangerous through more than half of the year. The line will be shortened by a thousand miles the distance between England and the Canadian wheatfields and reduces by two days the distance between England and Japan.—Youth's Companion.

The Number of Comets.

People who have been surprised and possibly concerned about the number of comets seen this year will be interested in the statement made by Professor Paul Turner in a London lecture on Halley's comet that there may be 50,000,000 comets. Some comets, he says, take thousands of years to return instead of seventy to eighty years, like Halley's. "Comets," the professor adds, "spend most of their time at a great distance from the sun, traveling so slowly as to be almost stationary. Halley's comet describes in a few weeks an arc equal to that over which it spends forty years at the other extreme of its orbit."—Exchange.

For the Scandalmonger.

The Orleans museum has just been enriched with a curious relic of the past which some workmen in making excavations in the city came across. It is a stone representing a grinning figure, showing the teeth, the countenance being repellent enough. In this way the loquacious woman, the scandalmonger, was brought to her senses. The stone, suspended by a chain, was placed round her neck, and so accoutred she was compelled to walk round the town in which she lived. The stone is supposed to date about the sixteenth century.—London Globe.

Mexican Miners.

The living conditions of the workers in the larger mines of Mexico are extremely humble. The average man and his family live in a one room shack, mud house, stone hut or dug-out along some bank. Their food consists of dried meat, fried flour cakes, beans and rank coffee. Stoves are found only in the better homes, the laborer's meal being cooked over a little fire between stones. At meal times the family gather around the fire, and they sleep on blankets on the floor.

Fine, Fine, Superfine.

To judge from the business cards of New Yorkers, its tradesmen are all dealers in fine commodities—fine footwear, fine groceries, fine meats, fine furnishings, fine clothing, and so on. How readily this spirit is acquired is seen on a sign at the head of the cellar stairs of a Third Avenue tenement, where a business man of unmistakable Italian name declares that he is a dealer in fine ice, coal and wood!—New York Press.

"Best On Earth"

This is the verdict of R. J. Howell, Tracy, O., who bought Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for his wife. "Her case was the worst I have ever seen, and looked like a sure case of consumption. Her lungs were sore and she coughed almost incessantly. I tried her Honey and Tar Compound brought relief at once and less than three bottles effected a complete cure."

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The Way of a Woman.

"She passed me on the street yesterday without speaking."

"She did?"

"Yes, she stuck up thing."

"I wouldn't say that. Perhaps she didn't mean to snub you."

"Of course she meant to snub me. You see, I had on my old hat."

"That wouldn't make any difference to her."

"Oh, wouldn't it? Once before when I happened to have on an old dress she didn't speak to me, either. Now I'm through with her. If she doesn't care enough for me to speak when I'm in my old clothes she needn't speak at all. I won't speak to her when I'm dressed up. That's all there is to it."

"Did you speak to her?"

"I should say not. It's her place to speak first. Do you suppose I'm going to attract attention by yelling my lungs out for the like of her? I guess not."

"Perhaps she didn't see you."

"See me? Of course she did. I saw her, didn't I

In Social Circles

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Studley and son of Somerville spent Christmas here, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Q. Tyler. Mr. Studley, who was formerly in the fruit business here, is now a prosperous commission broker in the produce business at the Flat. This is his first visit here in 12 years.

John May came home from New York to spend Christmas.

William Taylor, who is employed as clerk in a Waterville cigar store, was a Christmas visitor in the city.

George W. Phillips and family of Chelsea, Mass., spent the holidays at Mrs. Phillips' former home in this city.

Miss Caroline H. Stanley of New York City is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Hall.

Mrs. John Ananoyne and son Joseph of Brooklyn are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sherman at Ingraham Hill.

James Costello, who is clerking in Walker's drug store at Castine, ate Christmas turkey at home.

Misses Sarah and Annie Walmsley and Miss Sarah Geddes of Boston have been guests for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fiske, Summer street. The visitors were passengers on the Boston and Maine express train which was delayed by a locomotive when approaching the Newburyport station.

Every window on one side of the 12 cars was broken and the locomotive which was responsible for the mischief was practically demolished. Not a car left the rails and not a passenger was seriously injured. The accident delayed the arrival of the train until 10 p. m.

Mrs. Jennie W. Bird was one of the patronesses at the Delta Upsilon dance at Brunswick Friday evening. The guests included Miss Dorothy Bird, Miss Madeline B. Bird, Miss Katherine Spear and Miss Blanche Hanscom. Mrs. Ensign Otis was a guest at the Kappa Sigma dance the same evening.

Mrs. Nellie Muhlolland of Bay City, Mich., is the guest of Col. and Mrs. F. C. Knight, Beech street.

Mrs. W. C. Flint and daughter Gladys, of Andover were visitors here last week.

Mrs. S. A. Sherman is here from Massachusetts to spend the Christmas holidays with her son Fred.

Mrs. John Turner of Oxtown Mills was the guest last week of the Delia and Lou Jackson, T street.

The meeting of the Rubinstein Club at Temple hall Friday was of exceptional interest, the program naturally recognizing the impending holiday.

Violin solo—Andante and Allegro from Concerto Deliberio
Miss Mary Jordan
Contralto solo—The Christmas Message
Miss Lena Lawrence
Piano solo—(a) The Christmas Message
Miss Lena Lawrence
Piano solo—(b) In Autumn
Miss Lena Lawrence
Vocal trio—Christmas Carol
Mrs. Grace Strout, Mrs. Katherine Annen, Mrs. Mary Lane
Piano solo—(c) Meditation from "Thais"
Miss Lena Lawrence
Soprano solo—Martin Luther's Cradle Hymn
Miss Lena Lawrence
Bass solo—King Wladimir's Drinking Horn
Gow
Vocal quartet—Heavenly Song
Mrs. Strout, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Lane
Piano solo—(d) The Christmas Carol
Miss Lena Lawrence
Piano solo—(e) The Christmas Carol
Miss Lena Lawrence
Piano solo—(f) The Christmas Carol
Miss Lena Lawrence

Mrs. Clara Calderwood of North Haven has returned to her home after a short visit with her son, Pearl Calderwood.

Harry Young of Matineus was the guest during the holidays of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young.

Mrs. Katherine G. Coombs and son Horace of Vinalhaven are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. Leslie Cross, Grace street, for a few days.

Mrs. Carrie Temple and H. C. Voorhees of Boston have been guests for a few days of Mrs. Frank Temple, Grace street.

Mrs. Rose Ham, who has been ill with rheumatic fever, is slowly recovering.

Dr. H. E. Gribbin left Saturday for North Haven to join Mrs. Gribbin and children, who are spending the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Gribbin's parents. Dr. Gribbin will return Thursday.

Miss Alice McNamara came home from Boston to spend Christmas.

William J. McDougall came down from Massachusetts to spend the Christmas holidays, partly with his wife in Friendship, and partly with his brother in this city.

Elmer Crockett came home from Chelsea, Mass., to eat Christmas turkey with his parents.

Miss Eva Tyler is home from Boston spending her Christmas vacation with Mr. and Mrs. L. Q. Tyler.

Arthur Lamb was home from Rockville, Mass., to spend Christmas.

Miss Mary Hitchcock gave a reception to about 50 guests at her home on Beech and White streets Christmas afternoon from 5 to 6. The decorations of holly and evergreen conveyed prettily the spirit of the holiday, the rooms being illuminated by the mellow glow of candles. An orchestra furnished music. Mrs. Walter M. Spear poured coffee and Mrs. Edward J. Heller presided at the punch bowl. Miss Marion Cobb, Miss Teresa Stuart and Miss Agnes Smith assisted in serving refreshments. The reception was one of the most delightful of the Christmas social events in this city.

Mrs. L. S. Ulmer has returned from a six months' stay in Belfast. Her sister's condition remains the same.

Miss Alice G. McIntosh of Boston is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. McIntosh.

Scott Kittredge, stenographer to Senator Gardner, is home from Washington until Thursday.

Milton Griffin is home from Ludlow, Mass.

Charles W. Perry of Lewiston spent Christmas at his former home in this city.

Albert K. Gardner was operated upon for appendicitis in Bangor last Friday, having been suddenly stricken while conducting a farmers' institute at Bucksport. He was taken home to Bangor, where his father, Senator Gardner, joined him Saturday. The invalid passed a bad day

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE SEASON

Chapman Concert

At the Empire Theatre - - One Night Only

Wednesday, January 10

MISS MILDRED POTTER, Contralto | MR. JOHN BARNES WELLS, Tenor
MISS JOSEFA SCHALLER, Violinist | MR. CHAPMAN at the Piano

Benefit of Wight Philharmonic Society

TICKETS—75 CENTS and \$1.00

Sunday, but was reported considerably improved yesterday.

The Methebesec Club will have its president's afternoon Friday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Lucia Burpee. A social hour will be enjoyed and a lunch served by the hostess.

M. M. Gordon of Biddeford spent Christmas with E. W. Davis and family.

Mrs. Wither, spoken of in the following paragraph taken from a Council Grove, Kansas, paper, is well remembered in Rockland and South Thomaston. She is a native of the latter town. She went to Kansas about 30 years ago.

"Mrs. M. E. Wither, known as Aunt Hittie, celebrated her ninety-first birthday anniversary Monday, at the home of her nieces, Mrs. H. McCordell and Mrs. M. Conn. No invitations were sent out, but a ninety-fifth birthday is a thing so rare that her friends dropped in unannounced.

The hostess was found demurely knitting wash-cloths for Christmas. She was equal to the surprise in every way. Quietly putting away her knitting she joined in the chatting and visiting, being up to date on all subjects. She is proud of her age and carries it well, never complaining of any inconvenience. Her sprightly appearance is a marvel to all. The guests numbering about thirty, carried flowers, bonbons, and dainty laces as loving favors. Cake and ices were served and none enjoyed the occasion more than Aunt Hittie."

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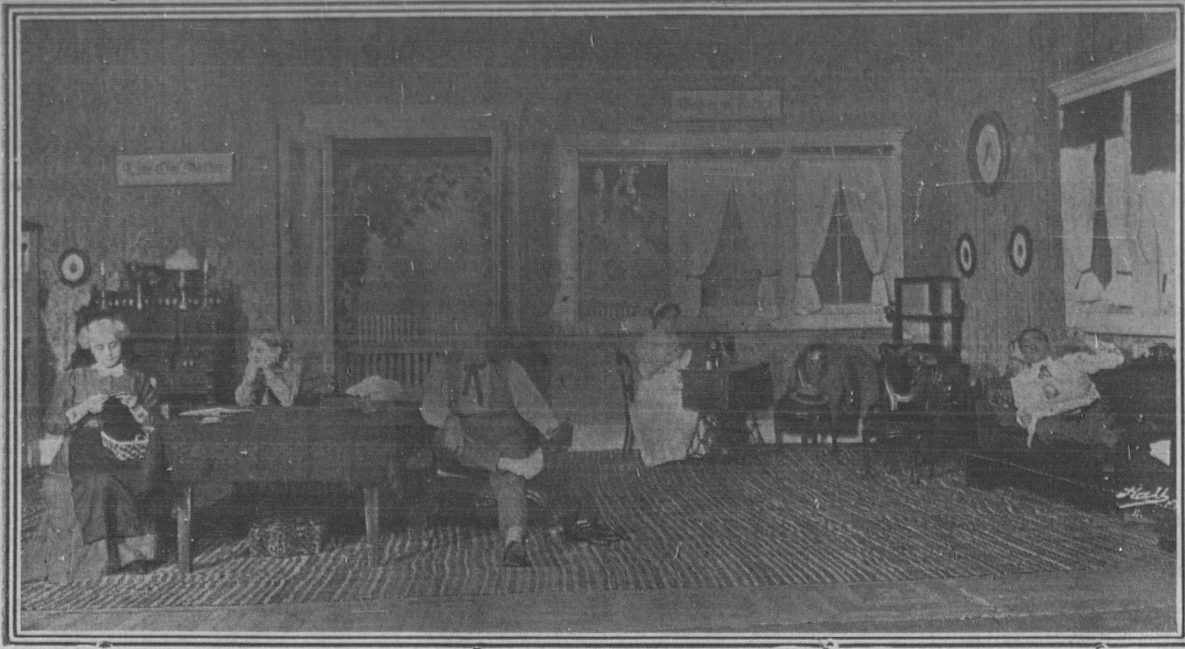
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scene in first Act of "The Family" at the New Empire Theatre Wednesday night, December 27.

"THE FAMILY"

At the New Empire Theatre Tomorrow Night.

Some dozen or so years ago a play produced with great success entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World," created much discussion as to what was the greatest thing in the world. "The Greatest Thing" proved to be a mother's love. "The Family," Robert H. Davis' great comedy drama of New England home life, which will be presented at the New Empire

Theatre Wednesday night, Dec. 27, has been endorsed by the critics, press, pulpit, public, and men high in the affairs of the nation. When Ex-President Roosevelt saw the play in Boston, he wrote to Robert H. Davis, the author, "I congratulate you upon its success. Everyone should see it." Mr. Davis is the editor of some eight of the largest magazines published in America, and was for many years one of the greatest newspaper editors in New York City. He says: "Surely the forgiveness of sin is the most far reaching of all human manifestations, and that the mother is the heart of

the family. With my own mother in mind, and with that theme as my text, I wrote "The Family." I chose a common everyday New England family because I wanted to draw a picture that was familiar to everyone.

"The Family" was first presented by Henry Miller at the Powers Theatre in Chicago, and later at the Collier's Comedy Theatre in New York, and the Globe Theatre in Boston. It has been a great success everywhere it has been presented. It is said to be different from anything that has been seen on the

American stage and presents one of the greatest heart interest stories ever written in a powerfully dramatic way. It is full of the brim and running over with clever comedy and delightful humor.

The original production will be brought here with a great cast including James P. Hagan, J. Merton Strock, Mrs. L. C. Yeomans, Arthur Holman, Blanche Burrows, and Gladys Rich, and others with wide reputations.

Seats now on sale. Don't miss one of the best attractions of the season. Prices, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

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Untainted. Tempted by an offer of considerably more than the property had cost him. Mr. Kreezus, who counted his wealth in millions, had parted with his suburban villa.

"You didn't need the money," said his disgusted business partner, who had just heard of the transaction "yet for a little filthy lucre you sold that beautiful home."

"I didn't," exclaimed the equally indignant Mr. Kreezus. "I sold it for clean cash!" — Youth's Companion

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HORLICK'S MALTED MILK
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WHAT HE MEANT.



Pat—Poor Casey kicked the bucket today.
Mrs. Mulligan—Did he do?
Pat—No, not yet. He kicked over Sweeney's beer can and Mike retaliated with a brick.

DON'T BE MISLED

Rockland Citizens Should Read and Heed This Advice.

Kidney trouble is dangerous and often fatal. Don't experiment with something new and untried.

Use a tested and proven kidney remedy.

Begin with Doan's Kidney Pills. Used in kidney troubles 75 years. Doan's have cured thousands.

Are recommended here and everywhere.

A Rockland citizen's statement forms convincing proof.

It's local testimony—it can be investigated.

R. J. Herbert, 36 James street, Rockland, Me., says: "I can still recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, for they live up to all the claims made for them. When I was suffering from kidney trouble this remedy fixed me up in good shape and at that time I publicly endorsed it. I still consider Doan's Kidney Pills the best kidney medicine to be had."

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Customer—Are those eggs fresh?
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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Perhaps you can answer the question after reading

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We place before you a novel which critics have compared favorably to Rider Haggard's masterpieces, "She" and "King Solomon's Mines."

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For \$28 We Will Wire Your House
Complete with Lamps and Shades as follows

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Three Bed Rooms, one light each
Cellar, one light, with switch at top of cellar stairs

This is for Cash only on completion of work. By giving your order now you will save \$16.00. After December 25 the price for the same will be \$44.00.

Bear in mind that after we have connected your house by electricity, you will be able to use it for domestic purposes, such as the use of the Vacuum Cleaner, Sewing Machine Motor, Electric Oven, Electric Toaster, Washing Machine, and various other electric appliances, all of which we shall be selling during the holidays at very low prices.

This low offer should be accepted and should be given to your wife or family as a Christmas present.

The winter is our dull season and we make this low offer that our wire men may have steady work.

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VIM SPEED MOTORS
3 to 55 H. P. High Speed

Trade your old engine for a new Mianus—Liberal Allowance.

Power Water Pumps, Power Ice Cream Freezers, Supplies, Accessories, and Repairs for the Gasoline Engine.

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stops the cough and heals lungs



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Opticians agree that the light from a good oil lamp is easier on the eyes than any other artificial light.

The Rayo Lamp is the best oil lamp made.

It gives a strong, yet soft, white light; and it never flickers. It preserves the eyesight of the young; it helps and quickens that of the old. You can pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for other lamps, but you cannot get better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

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